

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Volume 4.—Number 157.

Grand Haven, Mich., March 5, 1862.

Terms:—\$1.00 per Annum.

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Published every Wednesday,
BY J. & J. W. BARNES.

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$5.00 when left by the Carrier.

Office, on Washington Street,
(First door above the Post-Office.)
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Time.	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
1 w'k.	50	40	30	20	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
2 w'ks.	90	70	50	30	15	10	5	5	5	5	5	5
3 w'ks.	120	90	60	40	20	10	5	5	5	5	5	5
1 mo.	200	150	100	60	30	15	10	5	5	5	5	5
3 mo.	500	350	250	150	75	30	15	10	5	5	5	5
6 mo.	900	600	400	250	125	60	30	15	10	5	5	5
1 year.	1500	1000	700	400	200	100	50	25	10	5	5	5

Twelve lines or less (Minimum) make 1 square.
Business Cards, not exceeding six lines, \$3.00.

Legal advertising at legal rates, fifty cents per
folio for the first and twenty-five cents per folio
for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements unaccompanied with written
or verbal directions, will be published until or-
dered out, and charged for. When a postpone-
ment is added to an advertisement, the whole
will be charged, the same as for the first insertion.

Job Printing.
All kinds of Book, Card, Post-Bill, Catalogue
or Fancy Printing done on short notice, and at
reasonable rates. Blanks of all kinds, printed to
order, with neatness and despatch.

Patronage is respectfully solicited.
Letters relating to business, to receive atten-
tion, must be addressed to the Publishers.
J. & J. W. BARNES, PUBLISHERS.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

C. J. Pfaff, Sheriff of Ottawa Co.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Elias G. Young, Clerk and Register
of Ottawa County, and Notary Public. Office
at the Court House.

H. C. Akeley, Circuit Court Com-
missioner for Ottawa Co. Office at the Court
House, Grand Haven.

George Parks, Treasurer of Ottawa
County, Grand Haven, Mich.

Frank C. Stuart, Notary Public,
Grand Haven, Michigan.

A. Van Dusen, Physician and Sur-
geon, Mill Point, Mich.

George D. Sanford, Dealer in News-
papers, Periodicals, School Books, Stationery;
also Detroit Dailies and Weeklies, Yankee
Notions, Tobacco, Cigars, Candles, Nuts, &c.
First door above the News Office, Washing-
ton street.

Miner Hedges, Proprietor of the La-
mont Premium Mills, dealer in Merchandise,
Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and
Mill Feed, Shingles, &c., &c. Lamont, Ot-
tawa County, Michigan.

Frank C. Stuart, Watch and Clock
Maker, and Repairer, Washington Street, Grand
Haven, Michigan. A new and select assort-
ment of Clocks, Jewels, Yankee Notions, &c.,
just received. Prices low and terms cash.
Patronage of the Public respectfully solicited.
Grand Haven, March 21st, 1860.—[n 64 ff

J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon.
Office, second door above News Office, Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon.
Office at his residence, Washington street,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Augustus W. Taylor Judge of
Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address
Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third
Mondays of each month. Office at the Court
House, Grand Haven.

George E. Hubbard, Dealer in
Stores, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spike,
Glass, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Butcher's
Files; and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and
Sheet-Iron Ware. Job work done on short
notice. Corner of Washington and First sts.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer
of Stationary and Marine, high or low pres-
sure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass
Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryburg,
Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand
Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry
Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hard-
ware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street,
Mill Point, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Pro-
vision Merchant. One door below the Post
Office, Washington Street.

Outler, Warts & Stedman, Deal-
ers in General Merchandise, Flour, Salt,
Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water St.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Griffin & Co., Dealers in Drugs, Med-
icines, Groceries, Provisions, Perfumery, Paints,
Oils, Glass and Fancy Goods. At the old
Store, corner of Washington and First Street,
Grand Haven, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer
in Gent's Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cas-
simeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St.
2d door below the Drug Store.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shingles,
Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Of-
fices, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and
236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. F. Chubb, Manufacturer of and
Dealer in Plows, Cultivators, Threshing Ma-
chines, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Presses and all
kinds of Farming Tools and Machines. Agri-
cultural Warehouse, Canal Street, Grand
Rapids, Mich.

500 BARRELS of Grand Rapids and Mil-
waukee Flour, for sale in quantities to
suit purchasers.
C. W. & S.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP MICHIGAN, Va., Feb'y 19, '61.

MY DEAR FRIEND: While you are en-
joying such fine sleighing, sociables, &c.,
we are having quite a succession of rainy
days; but we are in glorious spirits at
the late series of successes that have at-
tended our arms under Burnside, in North
Carolina, and under Grant, &c., in Ten-
nessee, and under Lander, in Western Vir-
ginia, and now we hear of the fall of Sa-
vannah. Is not General McClellan veri-
fying his prediction that "the struggle
should be short, but desperate?" Fort
Donelson, the key of the South-West,
is in the hands of General Halleck. It
was a daring victory, but a desperate and
bloody struggle. With what sterling hero-
ism did the brave Illinoisans, especial-
ly the Eighth and Eighteenth Regiments,
stand their ground against fearful odds,
until the last bullet had sped on its mis-
sion, and then, when those two batteries
had been taken by the enemy, how well
was the ground regained, and the batte-
ries re-taken with clubbed muskets! Hur-
rah for Illinois!

I was gratified to hear of the gallant
part that Company A, of the Chicago
Light Artillery, took in the action. I
have an old friend in that Company.

Have we not much to be glad for—not
only for the success of our arms, but for
the certainty of being understood by the
people of the South. The time for the
North and South to reason together is not
far distant. And the question arises,
should there be any distinction made be-
tween the traitor North, and the traitor
South? That the plan of secession was
a deep laid plot, long in maturing, I have
no doubt, and that slavery was but a mis-
erable pretext. Does it then follow that
the pretext should be removed to prevent
the return of the malady? For my part,
I can not see how those nullificationists,
the Abolitionists, have the brazen-faced
assurance to dictate to the Union Admin-
istration.

It is recorded that Lucifer once appear-
ed in the court of Heaven, but even his
satanic majesty understood his position
well enough not to dictate the decrees of
Heaven. These disturbers of the na-
tion's peace—these covenant breakers are
not to be tolerated. Let them know their
"posish." Put them alongside their
friends, the "secesh." Let them simmer
in the same pot. Let them not curse the
blood-bought liberties of the American
Union, in open daylight. Fort Warren
is too good for them. I can see no differ-
ence in an Abolitionist, who stigmatizes
the Union as a "League with Hell," and
who declares a wish to see the Union
shattered and broken, and the Rebel in
arms, who does the same thing—only the
one is a coward, while the other has the
manliness to back up his dogma.

Capt. L.—is an exception to the gen-
eral rule. It is refreshing to find one of
them that will fight. He is a brave officer,
and wide-awake to his business. But I
doubt if he finds many in this Regiment
who are at such a loss to give a reason
for the hope that inspires us in this con-
test, or who feel so dreadfully anxious for
the intelligence of generations yet unborn.

Although the Personal Liberty Laws
of Michigan amount to nothing, only as
a standing insult to the South, is it not
the duty of the people of Michigan to
wipe it off the statute books of the State? Vermont is said to have done so; and is
Michigan so wretchedly poor, and mean-
souled as to keep it there in defiance of
the constitution of the State and the con-
stitution of the United States, while she
has her thousands on southern soil striv-
ing to put down secession?

I thank you for the *Free Press*. That
speech of Cox's is pointed and in good
season. How refreshing to see these
Greeleys, Gurleys, and all of that stamp,
just put in their proper light. Congress-
men, and reporters, artists, &c., were in
the way everywhere at Bull Run—but out
of danger, I mean. You would have
laughed to see them parading, with all the
dignity and bravery of veterans, and then
over from the rebel batteries, a sudden
change came o'er them. It would be
wrong to say they lost their dignity—but
the wind wasn't blowing, yet you might

play marbles on their coat tails. The
boys had lots of fun with them, and were
inventing scares for these amateur war-
riors all the time. They'll always be
remembered as a nuisance. Yet, forsooth,
they "who never placed a squadron in
the field" know more than General Mc-
Clellan himself. All we owe to such
wisecracks is the scene of Bull Run.—
Have you seen Beauregard's report of the
battle of Manassas? If so, you'll see
how very near we came to being "bag-
ged."

Now, I think the catechism of the Un-
ion is very simple. What do we live for?
The union of hearts and the union of
hands, and the flag of our Union forever.
What do you believe in? I believe in
the constitution, State rights and national
Union. Whom do you swear by? Gen.
McClellan, Fighting Dick, and our little
Colonel—by thunder!

Yours, &c., W. H. DRAKE.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Midnight—twelve o'clock precisely.—
The town clock had just proclaimed it to
all who had ears to hear and the wish to
listen. I had been to the theatre. It
was interesting, and I had stayed to the
end. I was some little distance out of
town, and on my way homeward my steps
led me past one of the city cemeteries.—
At the spot I stopped unintentionally, or
perhaps my thoughts caused me to pause.
It was a beautiful summer's night, and I
took things generally easy.

I had ever been fond of testing my own
courage, merely for my own benefit—my
own confidence, my experience. What a
lucky chance! A graveyard at black
midnight! Were the gates locked? No.
I entered. It was here that my poor pa-
rents were buried; here lay the last mor-
tal remains of those I once so dearly
loved and respected. I had very often
visited and knelt by their graves before
—by the quiet homes of the dead—
mourning in melancholy silence my loss
and bereavement, but never before had
approached at night.

Was I timid—fearful? Why, no; there
was nothing to fear. I was no coward,
though I could not help noticing how
gloomy, how very lonely and sad-looking,
everything before me appeared. I pass-
ed on—on through the lone path, by the
side of the drooping willow—on past the
white row of tombstones and raised
mounds, to my parents' graves.

I walked with firmer step and quieter
nerve than I had expected, though the
idea of my situation caused me to shud-
der perceptibly once in a while; and here
I beg you to remember that with the
stoutest and bravest of hearts there has
been a time of similar sensation. Not
fear, nor cowardice; I would not style it
that, but rather nervousness, deep feeling,
sensitiveness.

I sat down on my mother's grave, and
gazed about my singular position. A
cool night. Fast-fleeting black clouds
overhead, indicating rain, breaking now
and then over the star-studded sky, cast-
ing gloomy shadows along through the
rows of graves. The bright moon, now,
perhaps damped of its brilliancy, half hid
behind the racing clouds, would some-
times shoot out of its shrouds, and cast a
bright stream of light on the weary earth,
chasing the retreating shadows before it,
and running up to my very feet. Then
again would it sink in the surrounding
clouds, and the long shadows, creeping
over the silent ground, like specters, add-
ed a strange, weird aspect to the scene.
While the low, inspiring winds, gently
wafting through the full-leaved trees, would
make a sound like that of dropping rain.
To be a solitary visitor of such a place,
and at such a time, was not a very desir-
able luxury; and I remember when, in
my early childhood, I should have shud-
dered at the very idea of it.

Very naturally my thoughts became
directed to those who had passed before
me from this life to that of eternity. As
is generally the case with one deep in
thought, my eyes became riveted on one
spot, some little distance in front of me,
across the path, where I saw, by dim
moonlight, a new-made grave—another
testament to the final, the universal rest-
ing-place. That it was a poor person who
had been buried there, I judged by its
situation. Yes, indeed, wealth and
poverty follow to the tomb, retaining their
outward mark of distinction even there.

Perhaps I would not have noticed it.
But was it fancy—was it reality? I saw
something move upon it. I cautiously
rose and approached. What caught my
eyes? A bundle of rags, and two little
bare feet, stretched across the mound.—
A child sobbing—mournfully sobbing.—
I advanced and touched the little spec-
imen of humanity on the shoulder.

With a shiver and a start he jumped
to his feet, and turned his fearful, sorrow-
ing face toward me. Frightened and an-
gry at this interruption, he attempted to
escape.

"Stop, my little fellow," said I, in as

gentle a tone as the occasion would per-
mit, and catching him by the arm.—
"Come, tell me what you are crying for.
Don't be afraid; what is your name?"
"Lambert White," he uttered through
his tears.

"And for what are you crying so?"
Poor boy, he broke from my grasp,
threw himself down over the grave with
such a scream as I thought would have
broken his heart, and sobbed piteously,
"Oh, mother, mother! dear mother!"
Alas! I well knew for what he was
weeping. His best friend and parent, ta-
ken from him at so early an age! It was
a sad loss, indeed; I deeply sympathized
with him. And such affection, too! At
the hour of midnight, mourning in soli-
tude over the silent tomb. I managed to
quiet him—questioned, and learned more
of his history. His mother had been
buried that afternoon. His father was
yet living. No brothers, nor sisters.—
Poor, lonely child!

Strange—or was it strange?—I thought
not of my own home—I thought not of
the time. My mind was engrossed in the
fate of the poor, helpless little fellow be-
side me. On he led me through blind
narrow alleys. I followed the cold, small
hand wherever it led. He stopped at last
in front of a crooked, rotten looking build-
ing, dirty and ancient, as far as I could
ascertain in the dark. He spoke not a
word, but went up a pitch-dark, broken
pair of stairs, I stumbled almost at every
step, and scarcely knowing if it was dis-
cretion, whether it was policy or not, to
proceed any further, though I dearly loved
adventure, and now I certainly knew not
what was before me. At last my guide
put his hand to a latch (I could only tell
it was such by the sound) and opened a
door.

A low, garret-looking room, with but
two small windows, half of the lights
stuffed with rags. The ceiling broken,
cracked and dirty. A small table and a
light (oh, poverty!), a bit of tallow can-
dle flickering and wasting by the wind
from the window, stuck between three
nails on a block of wood, threw a dim
glare over the greater portion of the
apartment.

In one corner there lay a heap of rags,
meant, I suppose, for a bed, and in an-
other a lot of old kettles and a stove. This,
as far as I could see, constituted the pos-
sessions therein. Everything betokened
want and wretchedness.

"And is this where you live, my boy?"
I asked.

"Yes, sir."
"And where is your father?"

I had scarcely spoken—even before an
answer could be given, a heavy, clumsy
step could be heard outside on the stairs,
and a hoarse, gruff voice singing some
profane song.

"It's father," whispered little Lambert.
Good heavens! could a fellow creature
be so degraded? Even on the night of
his wife's burial!

A coarse, drunken bloat, in the worst
state of intoxication, I saw, he tumbled
into the room and cast his wild, bleared
eyes upon me. His poor boy! so young,
and to experience such misery, such deg-
radation, in his only parent. That tyr-
anny ruled there I saw in a moment, as
the child crouched from his sight. And what
the dead wife must have suffered! The
very thought bid me thank God that he
had taken her to himself.

With an oath, the man demanded my
business. I informed him of the circum-
stances in which I had found his son, and
politely requested that he would deal
mercifully with him.

"That's my business, and none of
your'n," he grunted savagely.

And, in defiance of me, or to glut
a hungry and ferocious temper, he rolled to-
ward the child, seized him roughly and
commenced beating him in the most bru-
tal manner. I remonstrated, and man-
aged to get the victim from his clutches,
with the determination of taking him from
the place. As I reached the door, the
drunken brute, with terrible curses on his
lips, ordered me away from the house,
staggered upon me, and raised his huge
fist to strike me down. I evaded the
blow; but he, reeling from the force of
the intention, fell forward through the
doorway, headlong over the stairs, down
into the darkness, head over heels,
with frightful velocity—fell heavily at the
bottom of the stairs, and all was still.

Greatly excited, and fearful of the re-
sult, rushed for the light, leaped down the
steps in almost as quick a time as the
drunkard before me, and bent over his
body.

A frightful spectacle, indeed! Bruised
and bloody, he lay with his back broken,
expiring. It was his fate.

O intolerance! abominable fiend, un-
pardonable abuser of nature, most dam-
nable appetite, heading the crime-list of
earth, how many bleeding hearts curse
thee at this moment! How many early
graves bear witness of the fatal poison!

How many homes of poverty, of terror,
of disgrace, hoarsely whisper of the pow-
er of that fascinating tempter! How
many blood-spotted stains on the page of
history bear testimony against thee! Of
sorrowing, abused widows, helpless and
ill-treated orphans! Of suicide—of mur-
ders! Thousands of weeping tortured

mortals cry out before God's high judg-
ment sent for vengeance.

Another victim lay before me. Sick at
heart, I had scarcely noticed the crowd
of neighbors who had assembled at the
confusion and screams of the boy. A
physician was called, but all in vain. It
was too late.

The dying man raised his eyes for an
instant to his much wronged boy, with an
expression of recognition, muttered one
sentence—"My poor wife!"—and all was
over.

I took the charge of the orphan. He
has lived to be my best friend; and, I
thank heaven he has escaped the deadly
viper which ruined his home and murder-
ed his parents.

A Strange and Thrilling Adventure.

A young gentleman of this city was
last week spending a day and night in
New Britain, and improved the fine moon-
light evening by a sleigh-ride with a
young lady acquaintance. In a single
sleigh they drove down through Berlin
street, and, turning into the road running
south-west, continued the ride for a mile
or more. The sleighing was excellent,
the night was very light, and the horse
went down the road at a killing pace.
While dashing rapidly along, perhaps a
mile below Berlin, with no houses in
sight, a large black Newfoundland dog
suddenly sprang at the horse's head.—
He seemed to have leaped from the
ground, so unexpected was his appear-
ance. No man was in sight, no habita-
tion, when, without warning, this huge,
savage animal made a vigorous dash at
the nose of the horse. Fortunately he
missed his aim, but in an instant he was
on his legs again pursuing the sleigh, and
though the gait of the horse was quicken-
ed into the most rapid speed, the dog
reached the side of the sleigh and sprang
open-mouthed, at the gentleman's throat.

That he missed, but he caught his over-
coat and tore a large piece from the skirt.
With that effort the dog subsided, and
they soon left him out of sight. The
whole scene, so sudden and noiseless, was
like the apparition of a demon dog out of
the ground. The gentleman states that
he never saw so large a dog. He seemed
fully two and a half feet high, and of the
most powerful build.

The sleigh-riders drove on perhaps a
mile further, and sought to return by a
different road. But they found that was
impossible without diverging many miles
from their course. They therefore re-
solved to run the risk, and the gentleman,
going to a wood-pile, selected two or three
suitable sticks, which he placed in the bot-
tom of the sleigh, when they turned back.

They drove rapidly, and as they ap-
proached within about half a mile of the
scene of the late attack, they saw the
great dog quietly standing in the moon-
light, alone, by the roadside, waiting for
them. Urging the horse to the top of
his speed, the gentleman gave the reins
to the lady, and, seizing one of the clubs,
prepared for the black enemy. As soon
as the sleigh was abreast of him he dash-
ed at it. The gentleman raised the club,
intending to strike his head, but the dog
was too quick for him, and the blow de-
scended on his back. With a growl, the
fierce brute fell to the ground, but only
for an instant, when he was again in pur-
suit, more rabid than before.

Unfortunately, in striking the blow, the
club being icy, slipped from the gentle-
man's hands, and before he could reach
another, the dog was again near him, and
he felt himself defenceless. The horse
to be sure, was fairly flying, but the dog
was just gathering for a spring, which
must have landed him in the sleigh, when
a long, shrill whistle was heard, and the
dog instantly stopped and turned away.
Looking back, the two who had so nar-
rowly escaped from a most unaccount-
able attack, saw a man come into the road
from behind a fence, pick up the club and
carefully examine it, and then walk away
with his big dog.

We have given the statement of this
singular adventure without exaggeration.
It is literally true. If it was an attempt
at highway robbery, it was certainly a
most curious one.—*Hartford (Conn.)*
Press.

ROASTING A BOMBHELL.—The *Char-
leston Courier* has the following incident:
"A few days since a shell from one of our
guns in a battery, not a hundred miles
from this city, fell without explosion. It
was found by a group of little Africans,
who, supposing it to contain something
good, put it into a fire and gave it a roast-
ing. Fortunately the explosion which en-
sued frightened them without serious in-
jury."

Ex-Governor Joseph A. Wright,
late Minister to Berlin, has been appointed
by Gov. Morton, of Indiana, successor to
Jesse D. Bright. Mr. Wright is a demo-
crat.

The world goes ever on. It is
strange how soon, when a man dies, his
place is filled, and so completely that he
seems no longer wanted.

An advertisement in a provincial
paper begins thus: "To let forever, or
longer, if required."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Life is but a short day—but it is a
working day.

—While a youngster, and what do
you get out of him? Blubber.

—Those who heed not God's writ, are
often forced to heed the sheriff's.

—When you wind up your affairs,
mind you use the right watch key.

—Self-respect is the noblest garment
with which a man may clothe himself.

—Why is Floyd like the ghost in
Hamlet? Because he is "sheathed in
steel."

—Why is a pretty girl like a first-rate
mirror? Because she's a good looking
(g)lass.

—Mrs. Partington says one is obliged
to walk very circumspectly these
slippery times.

—When does a farmer net in great
rudeness towards his corn? When he
pulls its ears.

—Surely the man may be envied who
can eat pork chops for supper and sleep
without a grant.

—Because Commodore Foote com-
mands the fleet at Cairo, may it not be
called fleet-footed?

—Can a general who has gained a
victory in the night, be properly said to
have won the day?

—The friends of prosperity are birds
that come to be fed, and fly away as soon
as the crumbs give out.

—The editor of the *Charleston Mer-
cury* complains that his water-pipe has
been cut. Pity it hadn't been his wind-
pipe.

—The pleasantest things in the world
are pleasant thoughts; and the greatest
art in life is to have as many of them as
possible.

—The *Louisville Journal* says that
the discharge of our duty at the present
time involves the discharge of cannon and
small arms.

—We don't know exactly what the
"height of ambition" usually is, but we
have seen a fussy little specimen of it not
more than five feet high.

—They have got a pig in Hampshire
so educated that he has taken to music.
They regulate his tune by twisting his
tail—the greater the twist the higher the
note.

—"Well, Jeemes," said Zeb, "I kiss-
ed Julia for the first time last night, and
I declare it electrified me." "No won-
der," said Jeemes, "it was a gal-vanic
battery."

—A gentleman having lately been
called on to subscribe to a course of lec-
tures, declined, "because," said he, "my
wife gives me a lecture every night for
nothing."

—A little boy asked the razor-strop
man if he could sharpen his appetite.—
The razor-strop man at once stropped him
so severely that the urchin cut off like
winking.

—"I suppose," said a quack, while
feeling the pulse of his patient, "that
you think me a humbug." "Sir," re-
plied the sick man, "I perceive you can
discover what a man thinks by his pulse."

—"My opponent, Mr. Speaker, per-
sists in saying that he is entitled to the
floor. Whether this is so or not, I shall
not inquire. All I have got to say is
that he will get floored if he interrupts
me again."

—"Who's afraid?" said a young man
to his sweetheart, in order to screw his
courage to the sticking place. "Why
you are," said the object of his affection,
"or you would have taken courage six
months ago."

—Old Hanks says he used to be ter-
ribly bitten by the mosquitoes until he got
married, when the bloody-villains found
out that wife his was much the tenderest,
and he hasn't been troubled since. Talk
of the selfishness of old bachelors!

—"Why, Samivel, I am astonished!"
said a very worthy deacon. "Didn't we
take you into our church a short